

stay with me

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by [alltimecharlo](#)

Summary

George wakes up one morning and things appear to be a little different...

Why *on earth* does Dream think George is his boyfriend?!

Notes

hey guys

this idea stuck in my head once inspiration struck and it was so fun to play around with :)
happy valentine's day!!

i hope you enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There's a light exhale of breath against the nape of his neck, very much welcome alongside the sliding streams of sunlight peeking into his room in between the slats of his blind.

George creeps his hand out from under the covers to check the time on his phone on his bedside table where he always keeps it, but when his hand reaches out to grab it blindly, it misses the surface entirely and falls back onto the plush sheets with a light 'thud'.

He feels his eyebrows furrow of their own accord, confused, mostly about the whereabouts of his

nightstand, but frustrated also at his inability to check the current time and debate whether it's sufficiently late enough in the day for him to consider crawling out from the warmth of his sheets he's currently settled in.

With a small sigh, George moves to heave himself forwards with more effort this time and cracks one eye open the minimum amount required to regain his bearings and locate his stupid phone, but then, all of a sudden, he notices too many things at once.

Rather than a bedside table, George's groggy eyes are greeted with the view of a door, which puzzles him massively because hasn't the door to his room always been to the right of his bed?

He shakes his head haphazardly, thinking he must've been more sleep deprived than he originally thought, but when he opens his eyes again, the large and looming white doorway remains.

In his confusion, George attempts to sit up in his bed and criticise the area of his wall where his door *should be*, but finds himself restricted and unexpectedly falls back onto the cotton-white sheets.

It's then that he remembers what awoke him: a light exhale of breath of the back of his neck, warm like the kiss of the sun.

Very quickly, George's heart starts thumping against his chest, bringing an ominous echoing to fill both his ears.

After a very brief and unsuccessful attempt to move his body again, the blood under the surface of his skin only rears its head more rapidly after George finally realises that what is wrapped securely around his middle, fixing him in place, is someone's very firm (and very toned) arm.

The hand attached is tanned and much larger than George's own, and its owner is male judging by the thickness of its fingers and the prominent veins he can see lining its back.

When this realisation finally travels to the rest of his body, George is hit with a sudden barrage of sparks originating from the skin of his abdomen where skin-on-skin contact is being made and his hoodie (thank *god* he's wearing a hoodie) must have rode up.

The adrenaline that gushes through his veins, galvanising his body, is what gives George the strength he needs to rip himself from this male stranger's grasp and eject himself to the other side of what appears to be a very large double bed.

Breaths are heaved out from George's chest at an alarming rate as he balances on his knees, now on top of the sheets, and thanks the lord that he also appears to be wearing shorts.

His hands clutch into the warm linen as he moves his eyes over the form of whoever's been sleeping beside him in an almost crazed fashion, a product of the endorphins flying through his veins.

The stranger's tan skin is sun-kissed gold under the slivers of light that manage to sneak into the dull room. His hair is long, fringe falling over and concealing what George somehow knows is a handsome face, and looks ridiculously soft to touch.

If George's heart wasn't literally trying to fight it's way out of his chest right now, he might have been inclined to reach out and test his beliefs.

He's snapped back to reality, however, when there's a discontented huff of breath emitted from said man as George watches him shift forwards on the sheets and reach out his arm further when he

finds George is no longer in his grasp, searching blindly with his eyes still shut but only very narrowly missing George's knee.

He can't stop himself staring openly at this beautiful man in his bed. But then the question finally comes back around and hits him square in the face again like a bucket of ice-cold water... *why?*

Why *on earth* is there a beautiful man in his bed?

George racks his brains desperately for his actions before sleeping. All he can scrounge up is playing a game of... Minecraft Bedwars... he thinks, with Sapnap and-? No, wait, or were they playing on the SMP?

One thing George is sure about that had first come to mind is that he certainly didn't go out drinking last night (he hasn't much since his uni days), so it's unlikely that this... gorgeous man in his bed, is an extremely lucky one night stand.

Deciding very quickly that he needs to find his phone, perhaps to gain a minuscule amount of insight into what the hell is currently going on, George twists himself round on the bed and is preparing to land his feet on his carpeted floor when all of a sudden a strong hand grabs onto his wrist and has pulled him back to the centre of the bed.

Instinctively, George's eyes seem to have shut themselves for protection as he lands with a '*thump*' against the mattress, and a rather embarrassing small yelp also seems to have escaped his dry lips.

His heart rate is flying above the clouds at a million miles per hour, but when the grip on his wrist eases and he finally dares to open his eyes, George could swear that the beats of his heart slow along with time itself.

Every movement seems thick and slow as George gazes upon the face now landed directly before him. At first his wide eyes meet pale-pink lips, curled up in one corner in an already annoyingly pleased grin.

The state of his heart is not remedied by this sight at all, nor the one that follows; a sharp, tanned and prominent jawline that follows up to meet freckled cheeks and the most emerald-green eyes George thinks he'll ever meet.

A golden fringe lays lavishly across the man's forehead, falling into his eye-line briefly before he's flicking it away again with a practiced shake of his head. The shine of his eyes gleam with a type of enthusiasm that George doesn't even think he'd be able to muster if he tried.

George becomes aware that he may have perhaps not been breathing when his head begins to feel a little light. He takes a shaky and unsure breath from the small amount of space in between him and the other man as the light furrow of his brow starts to wipe away his surprise.

Gazing over George's face with open and eager eyes, the other man simply tilts his head questioningly at his expression before quirking up the left side of his mouth even more. The angle provides George with such an alluring different view of the stranger's handsome face that it takes him almost too long to realise what's happening.

The distance between them is shortening rapidly as George watches the movement occur in slow-motion again; the stranger leaning forward, presumably to capture his lips, or some part of his face, in a kiss.

It's the event that finally manages to snap George back to the absurdity of his situation, heart pulsing rapidly under his chest as his eyes widen and he manages to quickly shift his gaze

downwards with a hushed gasp, bringing his head too, narrowly avoiding the man's lips that drop, along with his smile, halfway in between them.

The stranger's warm and large hand soon finds his hip after that and settles there along with a free and apparently surprised wheezy laugh that shakes George's body from where they're pressed together so closely.

Then there's another hand gently cupping his chin and guiding it upwards from where he had tucked it firmly against his own chest. Without intending to, he meets the stranger's dazzling green eyes again and can't help but notice how they crinkle up cutely alongside this stupid wheezy laugh he's still exuding.

Seemingly undeterred, the other man moves his head down again to meet George's, but this time he's almost fully returned to his senses and so shoves his hands forcefully against the stranger's chest as he shifts backwards and away from him.

He's sitting back on his knees when he observes the confusion and hurt that flickers over the other's eyes, suddenly darker and topped with a frown that pulls at his brows.

The sensations in George's chest crack a little as he watches the expressions appear on the golden-haired man's face and then he feels them fall away altogether when he replays the earlier events in his mind.

That *laugh*. That damn stupid, *annoying wheeze*. He'd know it anywhere, even at the end of the world.

Especially then.

"... *Dream?!?*"

After having sat himself up on the bed to face George, the man seems to take a couple of seconds to process his loud exclamation before he answers.

"Uh, yeah?"

George currently feels like his mind might just melt into a puddle from all the mightily confusing thoughts and questions zipping around and bouncing off of its walls.

Simultaneously, his heart threatens to leap out of his throat, pulsating a drum-like beat all over his body and to each extended limb.

"You... you're-" His mouth is so dry that he fails to generate a single word to slip out, "You're *h-here?*"

God. It's too bloody early in the morning for this.

George can't stop his eyes from roaming almost hungrily over his friend's features after finally receiving confirmation of the man's true identity; it's like he's seeing the man sat before him all over again.

And when his wide eyes finally return back to match Dream's now almost as equally confused gaze, he can't help thinking to himself that *of course* this is what Dream looks like.

Of course he's ridiculously and unfairly hot, the sun catching blond highlights in his golden hair and making them shimmer like the stars, casting a near halo around his head.

Of course his shoulders are set broad and wide, firm with muscle that George can see stretching against the bright, white fabric of his t-shirt that he's sure would be oh-so-soft to tou-

"Wait..." Dream (*Dream!*) interrupts his cascading chain of thoughts with a contemplative tone coupled with a concerned, furrowed brow, "Are you mad at me? ...Did I forget to do something again?"

George isn't even aware he's been fisting the sheets until he looks down and let's them go, leaving their pure whiteness crumpled. Dream's eyes are so puppy-like and forlorn when he meets them that George actually feels a physical pang in his heart as he rushes quickly to answer.

"What- no! I'm not, uh-" He didn't really think much further than this, "I just- why are you in my room?"

Very quickly after, George curses in his own mind that he probably should have started with *how* or why he's in bloody *England*. One of the last things George can recall is saying 'goodnight' to Dream over Discord, where he was very much and most definitely still in the US.

However, all his words earn from his friend are a light scoff before he's scrunching up his nose adorably and correcting him, "It's my room too, idiot."

George does a double take at that, remembering, suddenly, his confusion at the positioning of his door and bedside table among other things earlier in the morning. (Where *the hell* is his phone?!)

Glancing quickly and rather frantically around the room, George feels his heart begin to pound against his ribs more intensely as he realises he doesn't recognise the room he's currently in at all.

Sure enough, the door is to the left of the bed instead of the right, his PC isn't sitting on his desk across from where he sleeps, in fact, there's no desk in this room *at all*. There's general clutter on the shelves lining one of the light-blue walls, along with some photos in frames that George is currently too far away to see.

In the far corner of the room, there's a tall wardrobe and beside it, a shut door that looks like it leads on to an en-suite. George can immediately pick out some of his favourite shirts and hoodies hanging from the rail, selected in some of the few colours he can actually see.

"...George?"

Dream's soft tone draws his focused and intense gaze away from the room and back to his concerned face.

Belatedly, George realises that Dream's reached a hand out to balance lightly on his knee, rubbing small circles with his thumb against his skin in a way that he's sure would be extremely comforting in any other situation.

The skin-on-skin contact, coupled with the remembrance of *who* he's currently sitting on a bed with, has electric sparks shooting up and across George's body from the small point of contact alone.

If he were able to, George probably would have jerked his leg away from the touch, but he finds his body paralysed on the spot with the adrenaline circulating his veins.

"Are you feeling okay?"

No! George wants to yell at the top of his lungs, because he is most definitely not right now.

Instead, he settles for a focused gaze on Dream's face as he attempts to answer.

"I- I don't even know. Dream, you—"

"Why d'you keep calling me that?"

The tenderness in his friend's tone, alongside the removal of the comfort he didn't even know he was finding in Dream's large hand rubbing reassuringly along the top of his leg, causes George to pause in his words and the beating in his chest to suddenly slow. A stark contrast to his hummingbird heart thumping away earlier, and he doesn't even know why.

George tilts his head a little to the side questioningly and scoffs out a confused, "What?"

Dream's tone that follows sounds so forlorn and melancholy that the shorter has to restrain himself from leaning forwards on the bed and into the other's space to try and recapture some of the attention that seems to have drifted away.

With a heavy heart, George softens his tone and tries again, "*What is it?*"

The blond man still won't meet George's eyes properly, even as he replies, biting down on his reddened lower lip as if to hold something back.

"You usually call me Clay when it's just us."

George has to pause his already shaky breaths for a short moment in order to process the younger's words that are emitted quietly with a tinge of something vulnerable, because... *what?!*

Rapidly, he's roaming the taller man's face for any hint of jest, a crack of wheezy laughter struggling to refrain from bursting out and a triumphant smile waiting beam across his friend's face, but nothing follows. Dream's olive-green eyes are solemn as they meet his own.

Deciding to take a softer approach, because even though he doesn't know what the hell is currently going on, the pattering feeling in the shallows of his chest tells him that he absolutely and undeniably *hates* seeing Dream sad, George replies, ensuring to be careful with his words.

"Dre- uh, *Clay*," He manages to correct himself at the last second; the first of the two names being all too used to rolling lightly and easily off of the tip of his tongue, "We- we haven't even ever met up in person before and- and well now you're *here*... and I just don't understand, how—?"

George sees the flinching of one of Dream's hands against the plush sheets, the remainder of his body soon follows, shifting in unrest as he interrupts.

"George..." His rushed breaths dry out his mouth and lips as he hears the heaviness attached to the other's tone, "What am I to you?"

Dream's face is stony-grey. He looks almost ill. George immediately decides he doesn't like that either; he loves when his expression is bright, soft and beaming immeasurably like sunlight.

He answers hurriedly because an uncomfortable weight has settled in his stomach, "What? Why?"

"Just answer the question."

Slightly taken aback by Dream's abruptness, George takes a moment to answer, allowing his questioning eyes to sweep over his friend's tanned features and the dots of freckles dancing on his cheeks.

“You’re my-“

Dream’s eyes are watching him so openly and intensely that George has to clear his throat and start again, slightly ducking his head. He has no idea why he suddenly feels so flustered at the notion of labelling what they are to each other either.

“You’re my best friend.”

He’d been expecting chuckled teasing at his timid tone, or perhaps a half-mocking and half-grateful ‘Awww’. Instead, he watches, frozen, as Dream’s expression and body seem to tense, pulling a blanket of fog over his emotions in the process.

George would wish for nothing more than to be able to unravel his friend’s countenance in this moment; he hates being unable to read Dream, who’s usually so open and outgoing and expressive with his voice alone.

It’s strange.

Despite only having seen Dream’s face for the first time today, George feels as if he could always tell what the other was feeling beforehand, anyway.

It probably has something to do with the obscene amount of hours they’ve spent on calls together over all these years. He’s telling himself this as he narrows his eyes at Dream’s glazed-over expression and at a glimpse of his teeth troubling the pink skin of his bottom lip.

Sensing a hint of worry from the other, George slowly moves his hand to- to... to do what?

Touch his hand to Dream’s thigh through the sheets? Lightly caress the tanned skin of one of his arms in the hopes that it brings reassurance?

However, before George can figure any of that out, the bed is shifting under the weight of the taller man moving.

Out of instinct, his body begins to rush with sparks again, wondering if Dream is going to lean over and touch him, or maybe even try and *kiss* him again, but it very quickly dies down once the other stands up from the double bed and quickly strides out of the room. Away from George.

That is not *at all* where George wants Dream to be. Ever.

“Wait! Dre- I mean, Clay!”

The taller doesn’t look back.

~

“We’re in a *WHAT?!’*”

George feels like his throat might just tear from his loud exclamation. No one can blame him though; this is a rather stressful situation.

“We’re in a relationship,” Dream is telling him for the third time, tinged with a sigh and dampened eyes, “You and me. Dating.”

“*Okay! Okay...*” George feels as though he’s teetering on the brink of hyperventilating, his words coming out breathless and harsher than he had originally intended, “I heard you the first time...”

There’s several landslides of information attacking the spiky mountain range of George’s brain right now, several *very large* ones, so it takes him a minute or so to notice the way Dream is staring at him, dark brows furrowed.

“... what?”

“You don’t have to look so... put off by it.”

Oh God. He’s already fucking this up. Whatever the fuck this is that’s going on.

“I’m not! I’m definitely not... I can assure you,”

George’s eyes betray him and flick across the broad stature of the man sitting next to him on the couch, where they had settled after he had made the effort to go after Dream and accost him.

“It’s just... where I’m from, in my world, we’re not,” He’s definitely watching the other’s emerald eyes all too carefully as he speaks, “... dating.”

Before Dream had even thought to explain to poor George what might be going on, he had subjected the darker-haired man to extensive questioning about injuring himself and possible amnesia, or anything similar of the sort that could have possibly caused him to lose his memory.

Luckily for George, Dream did eventually come to believe him that nothing of the sort had occurred to him the night before, and that... he’s just not where he’s supposed to be. Like, at all.

The younger seems highly intrigued by George mentioning this, his dirty-blond hair swishing lightly around his head as he seems to perk up from where he’d found him half-slumped against the couch (that George has also never seen before in his life), but also definitely *WAY* too calm for George’s liking because, what the hell?!

“Are you-“

He struggles not to splutter as he speaks.

“Are you not freaked out right now?!”

Eyebrows creasing along his perfect brow, Dream’s face pulls into a serious look of concern.

“Of course I am,” He informs George with conviction, “But it’s not gonna help me get Geo- *my* George back, is it?”

There’s something in the way Dream’s lower tone wraps around the words that makes his heart beat incredibly faster, but the content of his speech also somehow manages to make George feel like some sort of imposter in, at least what he knows to be, his own skin.

The sensation causes a strange thrumming to stem from within him, but it’s soon overridden by the worry that he’s soon able to read on Dream’s face from a brief moment of emotional relapse: eyes becoming watery, lips now thoroughly bitten, and fingernails being picked at idly as he avoids George’s gaze.

Shit. He’s an idiot.

Of course Dream is anxious about the whereabouts of his significant other. The one he lives with

and sees everyday and is probably in *love* with.

George suddenly feels like a dick for being so selfish.

Carefully, he attempts to broach the topic, wondering if Dream wants to let it all out rather than wallow in his emotions. Even if this Dream isn't technically *his* Dream, he can still read him pretty well, apparently, because the younger is definitely more than eager to share, and perks up at the mere mention of his George (again, that still feels *extremely* strange to think about).

"Coming up to three years now."

Dream answers him proudly, when he asks how long they've been together.

"Wait, where do we live?"

George suddenly thinks to ask, quickly jumping up from the couch to rush to reach one of the large windows situated at the other end of the room.

He's a little taken aback when he throws back the curtains to find the street the window looks out on to be covered in glistening and beautiful white snow, with light and delicate flurries still falling from the sky. *Definitely not Florida, then.*

"London."

Dream informs him, after following him at a slower pace to lean his elbows on the windowsill and glance out to the snow beside him. George tries his hardest to convince himself (and his thudding heart) that this isn't super comforting and domestic as *hell*, but it doesn't appear to work.

"Oh, so... you moved to London? For me?"

George can't withhold the grin that blooms onto his features when he watches Dream's head duck away slightly at the question, even though he's already managed to catch the redness tinging his cheeks. For George, that is answer enough.

"We're only here for another month or so, whilst we get your visa and other stuff sorted out, then we're moving to the US together, permanently,"

Dream is grinning so widely as he speaks that George's own beaming smile maintains on his own cheeks, "We've already got an apartment there ready."

Before he's even moving his mouth to speak, Dream is answering the biggest question welling within his mind.

"Sapnap already lives less than ten minutes away from there. And it's not too long of a journey for Quackity and Karl too, even though they still live in different states."

George is left a little speechless, because isn't this what he's always wanted? The people who mean the most to him to be within his physical arm's reach? To be able to actually excitably celebrate with them on special occasions and offer and receive reassurance in the form of warm and friendly hugs?

It makes him sad to think that *he* doesn't have any of this... yet.

He has a slight urge to suddenly ask Dream how old he is, but at the last second, George refrains because if he finds out how old Dream is in this universe, then he'll be able to calculate his own

age, and he's pretty sure that's some proper existential crisis material right there.

But, from the way Dream speaks with a little more control than usual, now that he's properly listening to him speak, and how long they've apparently been together, George presumes that he's probably older than the Dream he currently knows.

For some reason, that gives him hope for the future.

There's a burst of excitable laughter that suddenly sounds from outside, muffled through the panes of the window. Squinting down at the street, George watches, amused, as several kids run past their apartment building, tugging their friends on sleds behind them, clearly heading for the hills.

The snow is still falling pretty heavily, making the clouds appear to be almost fixed in place in the sky and unwilling to budge.

It's morning, apparently, so there's a glimpse of the sun that peaks out occasionally from an opaque cloud, causing the ground below to glisten like it's been paved in millions of diamonds.

The sight is stunning, one that really pleases the eye. But when George's hand immediately goes for his phone in his jumper pocket, he suddenly recalls the fact that he hasn't seen it all day.

He's about to ask Dream, after turning his head to face the other man, only to become transfixed by his unfairly handsome side profile as he, too, watches the snowfall with bright and immersed eyes.

George finds himself wondering just how many snowfalls Dream's even seen if they've only been staying together in London for a few months. He really hopes this isn't his first; he doesn't want to take that from his counterpart.

Amping himself up to break the mesmerising moment and speak, he finally spies what must be his own phone charging on a small table in the corner of the lounge. George finishes up leaning on the windowsill with a resolute sigh to move to collect it.

He doesn't know what he was really expecting when he taps on the home button to show his lockscreen, but he certainly wasn't prepared for the photo of Dream asleep, looking near ethereal, that's set as his background.

Tufts of golden hair are splayed out in all directions across the pristine white of the pillows, tanned skin standing out all the same as well. Dream's freckles are so prominent in the photo that it leads George to believe that it was probably taken in the midst of a hot, perhaps Floridian, summer.

The tantalising expanse of Dream's neck is exposed due to the angle at which the photo was taken (probably purposely, if George knows himself like he thinks he does), and the very edge of his prominent collarbones can be seen peeking out from under the sheet covering the rest of his body.

George hastily replaces the phone back onto the table, simultaneously feeling as if he's seen too much and most certainly not enough.

Luckily, when he darts his head over to see if Dream had caught his actions, he finds the other man only just slowly turning around to meet his gaze.

"We should make some breakfast or something."

The taller suggests in a light and melodic tone, as if he's been considering his words for a while.

"Sure."

“Do you wanna get changed first?”

It's at this very moment that it suddenly dawns on George just how much he's currently absolutely drowning in the material of the clothes he's currently wearing.

He finds himself giggling as he verbalises his inner monologue out loud, not thinking to give it too much thought, “Why's this hoodie so big on me anyway?”

Dream rather seems to enjoy what follows, raising his eyebrows and informing George almost smugly, “That would be because it's mine.”

Oh. Of course it is.

Really at a loss for words what to reply, George simply attempts to shift the topic by asking where the bathroom is, wishing to clean up and maybe get at least fifteen minutes to himself to attempt to gather all of these new and rather confusing thoughts.

Dream waves him off in the direction of the bathroom with a knowing grin and a promise of bacon and eggs upon his reappearance into the kitchen. George teasingly tells him he'll hold him to it, all the while battling mentally with himself about how this most definitely *does not* feel domestic as hell and isn't sending little, pleasant shivers to the innards of his heart.

He revisits the bedroom in order to grab some of his own clothes from the wardrobe he had spied earlier on in the morning, glad for at least some callback to wherever the hell he has come from to be here.

The past? He thinks to himself as he slips his favourite joggers off of the hanger, alongside one of his comfiest cotton t-shirts.

If he comes from the past... then, does this make this his future? Or is this some kind of parallel universe?

This train of thought is still occupying his mind as he finds himself in the bathroom finally and closing the door, shutting out the pleasant sizzling sound of bacon and Dream's light humming to the radio that's now blaring out from the kitchen.

He's still running on autopilot, undressing himself uncaringly as his mind is still plunged into a deep pool of existential questions that he rather wouldn't be thinking about right now.

George would rather be focusing on the fact that he's getting breakfast cooked for him, by *Dream* of all people, and that he's finally seen Dream's face!

Rather abruptly, however, his incoming flurry of the positives of his current situation is cut short when he finally looks up from stepping out of his shorts and pulling the hoodie and t-shirt he woke wearing over his head, leaving him standing in only his boxers in front of the mirror as he lets the shower run to warm up a bit.

Beginning at the base of his neck and spiralling down to his abdomen is a trail of deep purple and blue marks, painting an abstract Picasso picture of the night sky.

George is completely void of breath as he watches his own eyes widen in his reflection, roaming the pale expanse of his own torso littered with love bites.

He can't restrain his left hand as it moves shakily to trail a light finger over where one of the marks sits; the sensation causing himself to gasp a little at the tenderness he feels because of it.

It also takes about twenty more seconds until he gives in to the urge to glance downwards at his thighs too, which, it turns out, is definitely *not* a good idea because when he finally does so, he finds the flesh there has certainly not been spared either.

He's doing everything possible in his power not to think about how those marks were left on his skin, glancing around the room for any sort of distraction possible. It's then that George recalls his original purpose for entering the room in the first place, and the calming white noise of the shower running to his right.

Toying with the waistband on his boxers for almost too long, George resolves that he better not glance the state of his skin under there for the sake of his sanity, and quickly jumps in the shower, the warm water welcoming him in.

"Good?"

George tilts his head to side just enough to finally notice that Dream has apparently been watching him tuck into his breakfast, eager on collecting his opinion.

Sheepishly replacing his knife and fork back onto his plate momentarily, George stares down at his half-finished dish before replying. His shower had only made him even more ravenous.

"Delicious."

He compliments with a smile, although it's partly muffled through the mouthful of food he's trying to finish. In the end, he doesn't mind because it makes Dream chuckle a fond grin towards him.

And George really isn't exaggerating when he says what Dream cooked is delicious; it's all of his favourite breakfast foods packed into one.

He hadn't stopped himself at only bacon and eggs, but had added hash browns and baked beans too. The eggs are perfectly fried, sunny-side up like George likes them, and the bacon is burnt to a delicious crisp.

It's a very *English* breakfast, and George can only presume that the only reason Dream knows how to cook everything just perfectly is because he often makes it for his... other self.

His boyfriend, his mind likes to correct before he's physically shaking it to get rid of the thought.

A smile passes over his features as this occurs to him, bringing pleasant warmth to his heart. When Dream glances up from his own plate of food to check on him again, George accidentally catches his eyes, that are all too open and bright, before he's darting his gaze back downwards again, feeling somehow caught.

Continuing to clear his plate, but consoling himself mentally at the same time, George shuffles his feet nervously under the table across from Dream.

He hasn't had the time to get used to all of this.

The *looking*. The *touching*. The mere fact that if he glances back up across the dark wood of the table now, he would meet the eyes of the best friend he's ever had.

God. He hadn't ever seen Dream's *face* until a couple of hours ago.

The opportunities are endless, and all too tempting at the same time. But George is stifled by the fact that, well, this isn't *his* Dream.

Sure, the Dream across from him looks and sounds identical, airing a wheezy laugh every time he mutters out some sarcastic comment, or biting his tongue lightly between his teeth when he tries to hold it back.

But he doesn't remember the stupid, teasing conversation they'd had over whatever the hell the 'Superbowl' is yesterday, or that petty argument that had lasted less than ten minutes over a line of Minecraft code for a video idea.

George misses *his* Dream, he soon realises, feeling the corners of his mouth fall slightly. He misses him very much.

It's with this thought that he returns his utensils back to the plate again with a light 'clink', announcing that he's full.

Dream regards him for a couple of seconds longer than would probably be deemed necessary, but then nods his head and moves to clear their dishes away.

They're both back to sitting on the couch, side-by-side, when Dream ventures to puncture the bubble of silence that has settled around them, spiralling thoughts lying thick in the air.

"We should just start with something simple, I suppose?"

George is too busy staring at the blank screen of the TV and paddling in the shallows of his own mind for Dream's suggestion to register fully with him.

"Hmm?"

"If we want to try and find out what happened... we should just start with the basics, right?"

Dream's face seems to relax when George finally understands him and nods his head, shifting his body to face more towards the other at the same time.

"So, what's the last thing you remember doing when you were with... well, me?"

The dirty-blond's nose scrunches up cutely as he attempts to navigate their confusing current predicament. George hears himself emit a small snicker before he responds, really having to think hard for a couple of moments because his memory is hazy.

"Uh— well, we were playing Bedwars with Sapnap I think,"

Dream is holding his eyes intently as he speaks, gleaming green under the intrusive sun; he finds he has to avert his gaze to the fluffy strands of the taller's hair in order to be able to even finish his sentence.

"—Oh! And then we were- we were..."

His voice becomes smaller as he trails off, finally plunged into a icy pool of his suddenly returned memories of last night.

George is jerked back into the warmth of the living room by a gentle brush to his clothed leg, as Dream prompts him softly, "You were..?"

The touch is grounding. It helps George to centre himself, even if it is around the one person who

should be so ridiculously out of his reach.

“We were booking his flight,” He murmurs softly, the vibrations keeping his lips close together, “Dream— he was coming to visit me.”

His heart feels heavier now that he remembers, because how on earth had he allowed himself to forget?

Their equally giddy laughs still ring in his ears from the early hours... from before he’d woke up and found himself in a different bed. In a different world.

Out of the corner of his eye, George can see Dream internally considering whether he should speak or not in the way that he hesitates in reaching out for him with his wavering hands stalling near his thighs.

George decides for him by changing the topic, fuelled by a need to escape the yearning weight settling itself against his heart, and the shameless curiosity nibbling away at his brain.

“What about you and other me?”

He pulls his legs up onto the couch and under himself, putting slightly more distance between the two of them. George also isn’t able to meet Dream’s eyes. If he notices, he doesn’t say anything.

“What’s the last thing you did?”

Glancing up momentarily, George smiles a little as he catches Dream’s contemplative expression, suddenly envious of his counterpart who gets to see Dream’s *all*.

The deep looks of concentration that George has always imagined he wears during Manhunts, the way his entire face positively glows as he wheezes with laughter, the attentive and adoring spark that rings in his eyes as he watches George do anything at all.

Dream’s face is certainly bearing all as he watches it erupt into stark flushes of red that wash his freckled cheeks. His emerald gaze, that has been so surely fixed on George almost all day, is at last diverted in favour of the ceiling.

George is confused until images of his bruised and purpled skin reflected in the bathroom mirror fly back to him.

Oh.

His hands wave about a little frantically as he desperately tries to backtrack himself.

“I— you know what? Actually it’s okay, I don’t need to know.”

They spend the rest of day talking about anything and everything about their different worlds, but nothing jumps out at them as something that could have possibly caused *this*.

In the end, they settle on placing their trust in the thing that had seemingly brought George here in the first place. Sleep.

But, until the evening comes, they’ve mutually settled on trying to shift their minds off of it by watching films the both of them know they have seen millions of times before.

It's nice. It feels warm, safe and comfortable, like someone has wrapped a soft blanket around his shoulders and handed him hot cocoa on a winter's day.

This is what George is thinking to himself as he watches some bank robbers get their asses kicked by Batman on the TV. The word *domestic* comes to mind again, but George shakes it out, along with the looming realisation of how much he wants this.

His thoughts are interrupted, however, by a weight that comes to lay along the back of his shoulders. George physically jerks at first, out of reflexive instinct, and feels the pressure move off of him almost immediately, but raises his head a little to the left to find Dream's surprised and apologetic gaze.

"Sorry! I- I'm really sorry... genuinely, I just keep forgetting..."

George hates the masked misery his voice carries, and especially the way Dream's smile doesn't fully reach his eyes. He considers himself for a moment.

"You can... put your arm round me if you want," He's giving the dark-blond a smile now, glancing upwards with what he hopes is a face of reassurance, "...if it helps."

The nod he receives from Dream in return is uncharacteristically timid, bringing a larger and more carefree grin to George's cheeks as he feels the steadying wait of his arm settle around his shoulders, hand landing lax and brushing against the now exposed skin of his arm.

They finish the rest of the movie like that; Dream seems to relax a bit more, sinking into the plushness of the sofa cushions and incidentally pulling George closer towards him and his chest.

In return, his own heart beat seems to have settled too, lulled by the fact that he shouldn't really begin to worry about something he has next to no control over at this moment in time.

George likes the settling warmth of Dream's body pressed beside him. He thinks Dream probably finds it comforting too; a reminder that even though they've been cast into this situation, neither of them are alone and will get through this together.

That even in moments like these, they seem to be able to find each other.

"Hey,"

Opening his eyes, George is suddenly made aware that he must've fallen asleep at some point, drifting off into a dreamland.

When he has to shift his head upwards to meet Dream's tilted head, he also becomes aware of the fact that he's been sleeping on Dream's *shoulder*.

"Movie's over," The other informs him in a low whisper, syllables all rolling together, "D'you wanna go to bed?"

George finds himself nodding almost pathetically despite himself, exhaustion, from his mental struggles more than anything, lacing his heavy bones.

"Hmm."

Green eyes only continue looking down at him, amused, whilst a large hand appears beside his face like he's about to flatten George's hair, or cup the underside of his jaw, but none of these things happen. It merely hangs, suspended and hesitant, before landing back on the couch.

Dream's eyes crinkle up as he asks with a slanted grin, "Am I gonna have to carry you?"

Flustered, the taller's words have George soon sitting bolt upright on the couch, causing Dream to laugh before he's offering him a hand to get up which he gladly ends up taking.

George really doesn't want to think about why Dream knows he can pick him up that easily anyway.

When they enter the bedroom together, George is immediately cast back to the memory of this morning (which was somehow less than twenty-four hours ago) and the plethora of emotions his body had been subjected to in a matter of mere seconds.

George decides to focus on getting himself into the bedclothes he'd woken up wearing in the morning, not knowing where to even look for new pyjamas anyway, slipping the shorts quickly up his legs and sliding the white t-shirt over his shoulders whilst his back is turned to Dream.

Upon turning back around, George finds that he needn't have worried because the taller is currently preoccupied with dressing himself for bed too.

Dream's back is to him. They're on opposite sides of the room, but that doesn't stop George from noticing the muscular set of the other's shoulders, dipped gold in the cunning light of the setting winter sun.

He can't drag his eyes away even though he knows that he probably should; Dream unsuspecting as he leans down to grab a fresh shirt out of the drawer in front of him.

A mix of a breathless gasp and a choke escapes him involuntarily when the light catches Dream's tanned expanse of skin in such a way that it showcases sharp and organised lines of red grazing his shoulder blades and his lower back.

Dream doesn't get the chance to swivel round and catch his facial expression because George is back facing one of the pale-blue walls in a flash, before taking a wander with his eyes to nervously glance down at his fingers and his blunt, rounded nails.

That's enough thinking for one day.

He reasons with himself, rubbing at his tired eyes with his hands before he gives up and flops down on his dedicated side of the bed, making the springs in the mattress give way with a small 'creak'.

There's a slight bite of cold in the air that has George sliding under the covers pretty quickly; he doesn't realise that Dream's been carefully observing him the whole time.

"You cold?"

Dream's got one eyebrow slightly raised in a considerate and ridiculously attractive way. George would prefer to bury his head under the duvet cover to hide his rising blush, but instead, he nods his head in agreement against the pillow.

"I turned the heating on, so it should warm up in a bit."

The taller tells him as he's sliding into the bed beside him too. Ever the gentleman, Dream had initially offered to take the couch, but George had argued that that seemed ridiculous when there's a perfectly comfy and spacious bed big enough for the both of them sitting in the other room.

In conclusion, George is only just realising he's locked himself in a trap of his own making.

Even from across the covers, he can feel the emanating warmth Dream's body is radiating. Somehow, George knows that cuddling up against his side would be ten times more satisfying than when the heating finally kicks in, but he daren't move.

The tanned skin of Dream's neck is exposed beside him as he leans to reach something from his bedside table. George's eyes keep focusing on it, even if his mind keeps trying to tell them to look away.

He's also massively regretting taking off one of his own merch hoodies, which he had taken to wearing all day, and chucking it in what he had presumed was the laundry basket, because the t-shirt he's now wearing is low-cut, exposing his collarbones to the chilling air.

Glancing around quickly, George soon notes what his apparent only option is as he's definitely too lazy to stand up and walk to the wardrobe again.

On the nightstand next to him sits Dream's hoodie that he had awoken wearing this morning. He'd folded it neatly and placed it down there before his shower, planning on leaving it nicely for other George to find when he returns and desperately trying not to give in to the temptation of putting it back on again and feeling the soft fabric fall to his thighs.

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

He sighs to himself, reaching for the hoodie as he feels his teeth begin to chatter from the cold creeping in despite the thickness of the duvet on top of him.

Very quickly, George slips the material over his head and immediately finds himself engulfed in a comforting warmth again. He's smiling, pleased with himself for finding a solution to his problem, when his gaze finally flicks back over to find Dream's sparkling eyes focused in on him.

George jolts when he meets the visibly pleased and smug green gaze, body tinged with adrenaline and surprise that is rapidly pumped around his veins and can't be too good for his heart.

Dream only has to partly open his mouth for George to know what's going to come out, so he cuts him off with a light-hearted roll of his eyes and a flat, "*Shut up.*"

Rolling onto his side to face George head-on, Dream takes the opportunity to sport an expression of mock-hurt as he protests, "I didn't even say anything."

He's looking at George with puppy-eyes, even going as far as to raise his hands in surrender, but George continues, narrowing his gaze.

"I know," There's no way George can avoid Dream's eager eyes in this position, so he gives in, holding them directly, "But you're an idiot, and you were definitely thinking it."

A chuckled wheeze fills the air, making George smile, before Dream's reaching across the bed again and turning off the lights, quickly plunging the room into the pitch black that winter helps bring.

"Goodnight, *Georgie.*"

He's still grinning like an idiot after making Dream laugh as he replies, not even thinking to register the falling of the nickname off of the other man's tongue.

“Night, Dream. See you in the— *oh.*”

The rustle of the sheets around him informs him that Dream has turned, once again, to face him on the pillows.

“What?”

George chuckles a little at himself, “Well, I was going to say ‘See you in the morning’, but I suppose I might not.”

He’s going to miss not being able to see Dream’s face all the time. But, more than that, he wants *his* Dream back.

The one who had sounded so excited about the prospect of finally visiting George that it had made his heart nearly pound its way out of his chest. The one who unapologetically makes him blush on stream as much as possible and wheezes loudly when he undoubtedly succeeds.

In the black of the night, George can just about tell that Dream is definitely missing his boyfriend too, able to make out the outline of one of Dream’s large hands that has fallen between them, like it was itching to reach around George’s waist and hook him in close towards Dream’s chest.

George stares at it a bit longer before he makes the decision that even *he* should be allowed to be selfish every once in a while.

“We can, uh, hug or cuddle or whatever... if you want.”

The words hang in between the two of them momentarily. George begins to wonder if he’s crossed a line he shouldn’t even touch and immediately indulges in his horrific habit for rambling.

“I know it’s not the same, but... I-I just thought it might help, you know-“

His trails are cut off by a firm and steady force colliding with his chest, leaving him winded for a couple of seconds before his entire body is shrouded in Dream’s warmth.

The hand that’s finally wrapped around his waist and pulled him in remains there, lax against his back like Dream’s afraid of touching him too much, but he seems to get the memo that George doesn’t really care anymore when he nuzzles his face closer into the soft fabric pressed against Dream’s chest, sinking into the comfort his fresh pine scent brings.

George sincerely hopes the taller can’t feel the rapid pulsating of his heart as he feels Dream press his face lightly into the fluff of his hair, revelling in whatever form of comfort he finds there, before he whispers soft and low.

“*Thank you.*”

With a content and emotionally exhausted smile pulling at the corners of his lips, pressed up against Dream’s warm chest, George can’t resist relenting to the temptation of sleep.

~

George wakes himself with a start, sitting bolt upright immediately in his bed, pulling the covers up with him, and making all the blood rush to his head.

He clamps his eyes shut to try and recalibrate his bearings again, feeling the uncomfortable sensation slowly trickle away, and wipes one of the back of his hands lazily at the sleep in his eyes.

Then he pauses. Because he remembers.

His arms freeze where they're positioned, in mid-air and halfway between the bed beneath him and where they'd been rubbing at his tired eyes. Biting down slightly into his bottom lip, George grimaces, almost unwilling to peek open his eyes, but finds the temptation too strong.

Letting his left eye lead, George absorbs the room around him and emits a huge, huffing sigh of relief when he registers the familiar light-blue tone of his walls at home, and the fact that he's in his *own* bed.

With a 'thud', he finally drops his arms back down onto the duvet (the stripy blue pattern he knows all too well) and flops himself backwards onto his bed, stretching his arms up towards his tall ceiling and letting himself grin shamelessly into the air because he's *back*.

There's a loud chime from beside him that interrupts his revelling. George's head nearly whips to the side quick enough to give him whiplash.

His phone is where he always leaves it, and where he had been looking for it yesterday morning, on the bedside table to his right.

George stares at the screen as it turns itself off again and can't help feeling a little... *underwhelmed*.

The quick and easy return to where he had come from seems anticlimactic, almost so much that it seems surreal.

His phone chimes again.

This time George actually reads it. It's Sapnap blowing up their group chat as usual, but again, the normalcy of it all pulls a light furrow into his brow.

It's not like he'd wanted to stay there... had he?

Maybe one more day wouldn't have hurt... the warm touch of a tan body against his own, on accident and then on purpose, the sight of pink, well-bitten lips that shape so prettily around the syllables of his name.

He's shaking his head when one ginormous thought sticks in the centre of his mind, as stuck to him as those olive-green eyes.

Dream.

No, no. Even better... *his* Dream.

George is sitting in front of his computer before he can even catch a breath. His phone is still chiming at him from behind, but right now he doesn't care.

As he loads up Discord he finds himself thinking that the younger better freaking be awake; George hadn't even thought to check the time, or his Discord status, on his phone. His mind being too caught up in other things... in other people.

George can't even bring himself to look now, because he needs to know. He *has* to know that Dream's still there.

He hits ‘call’ and listens to the empty promise of the tune it produces for about twenty seconds before he’s about to hang up.

Then there’s a distinct ‘*click*’.

“George?”

The peaks of his grin rise even further up the treacherous range of his cheeks as glowing reassurance floods each and every corner of George’s body.

For a moment, he forgets to speak.

“*George...?* Are you okay?”

There’s a rasp in Dream’s voice that tells him he’s just been woken up by his call. He likes to imagine that he’s one of the few people that would notice that.

“I—“

He starts, but doesn’t end up finishing, because... how can he?

‘I missed you.’

Dream hasn’t even been anywhere. George technically hasn’t even been without him for any time at all, but somehow, he still felt gone.

He wets his drying mouth as he lets his fingers run across the smooth plastic covering of his mouse. Dream either waits patiently or half-falls back asleep.

“Y-yeah,” George finally manages to utter out at an audible level, words a whisper into the quietness of his darkened room, “I’m okay...”

He waits a couple of seconds for Dream to speak if he wants, but all he does is add an agreeable, yet groggy hum.

“I’m— I’m sorry for waking you,” George is biting the inside of his cheek, something he needs to stop doing, “You can go back to bed... if you want.”

There’s the sound of sheets rustling down his headphones. Dream doesn’t talk again until it halts.

“No, no. It’s okay,”

George lets out a shaky and delicate breath he didn’t know he’d been holding at Dream’s reassurance.

“I can— I can *stay*... if you want me to.”

The words are careful, plucked out of the more conscious parts of his friend’s mind. George touches his lips back together, the quiet and steady thud of his heart filling the silence that stretches between them.

George thinks about it.

He thinks about waking up with Dream beside him, the golden shimmer cast in his hair and in his eyes. He thinks about the softness of his hoodie against his skin, the warmth of his body’s touch against his own.

Then he's thinking about the similarity of this current moment and all the ones he's ever overlooked and brushed off before.

The beat of his heart rises in his chest as his arms fall lax against his desk and he gives in to his whispered voice.

"Stay with me."

It's so quiet and soft that he himself almost misses it, but his words are cast out into the wind all the same.

George knows what he wants. He knows what he wants his future to look like and he knows who he wants in it.

"Stay with me, please."

There's no hesitation in Dream's voice as he replies, igniting a flame of simmering hope in George's heart.

"For you, always."

End Notes

thank you so much for reading!!

kudos and comments are greatly appreciated ♡

i'm [@dreamingogy](#) on twitter if you want writing updates or just to say hi!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!